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1851

Hear Me, Norma

Vincenzo Bellini

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HEAR ME, NORMA.

The celebrated

DUET.

WORDS BY

C. JEFFRYS, *COMPOSED BY* BELLINI.

BOSTON.

Published by OLIVER DITSON, 135 Washington St.

Price 38 cts nett.

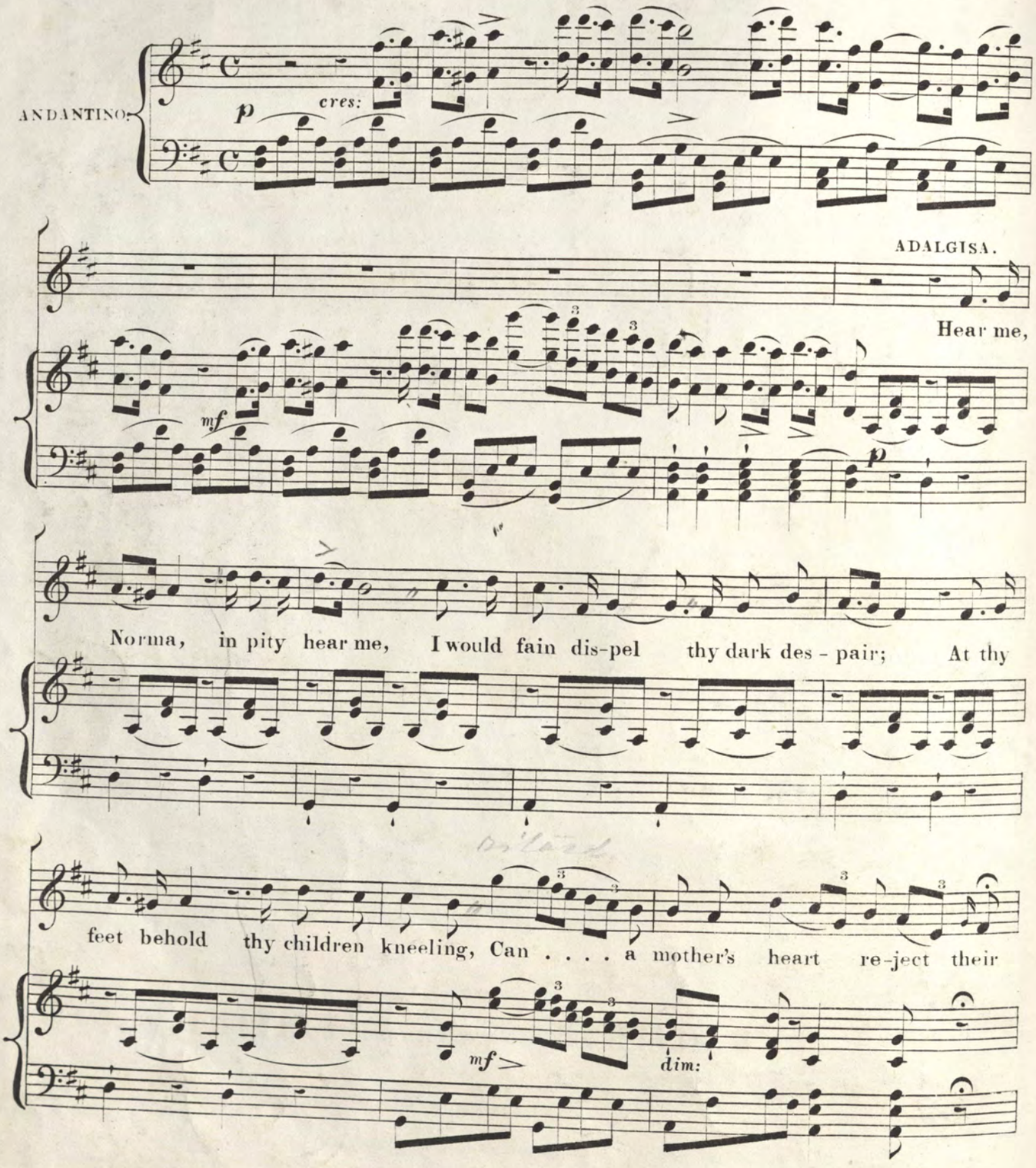
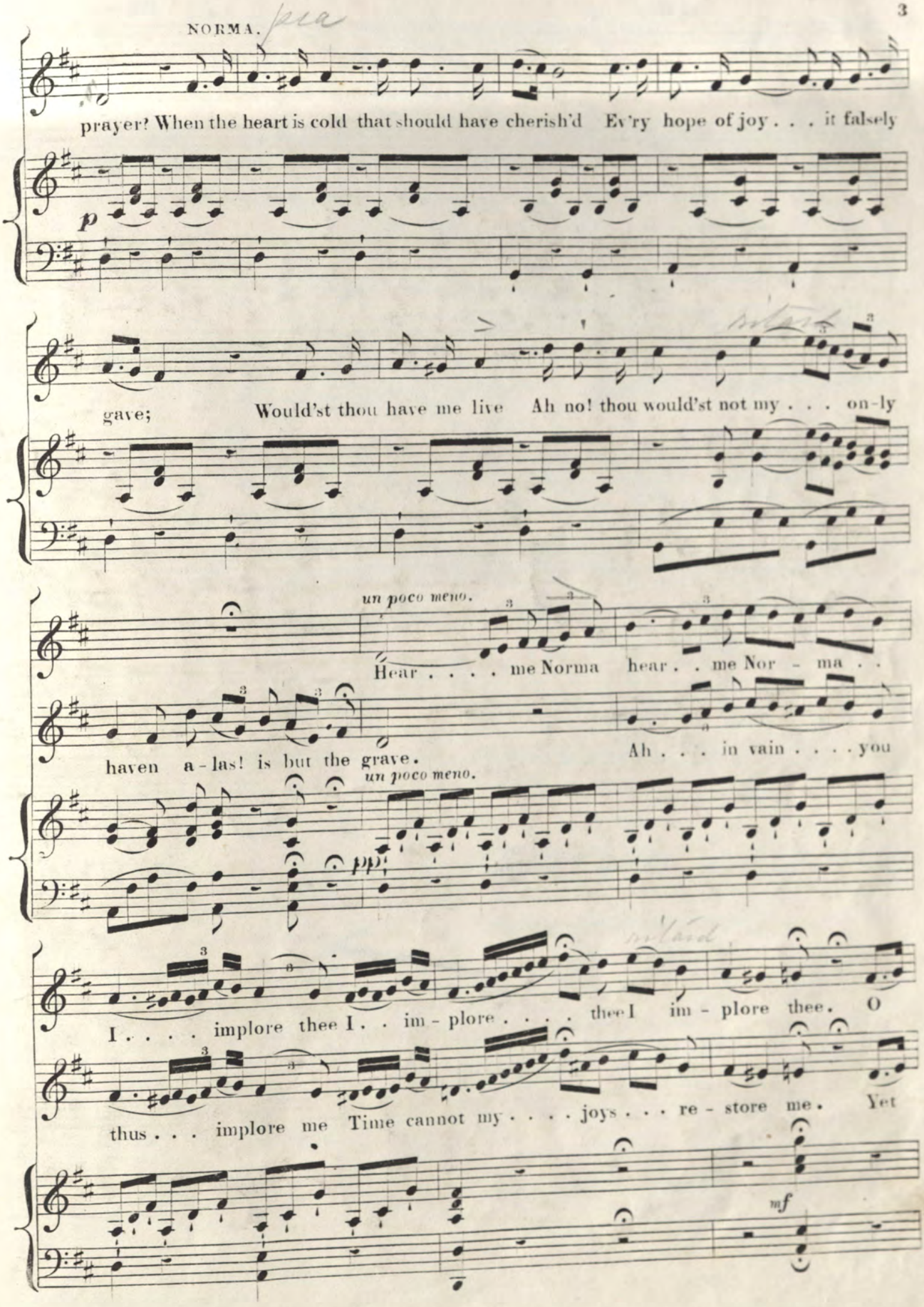
Vocal beauties of Norma.

The Mother's Farewell. Deh Con Te
Hear me Norma, duet. Mira O Norma.
The Dream. Far away in my own bright land. Meco all Altare.
War Song. On to the field. Bell aurea fun Profetica.

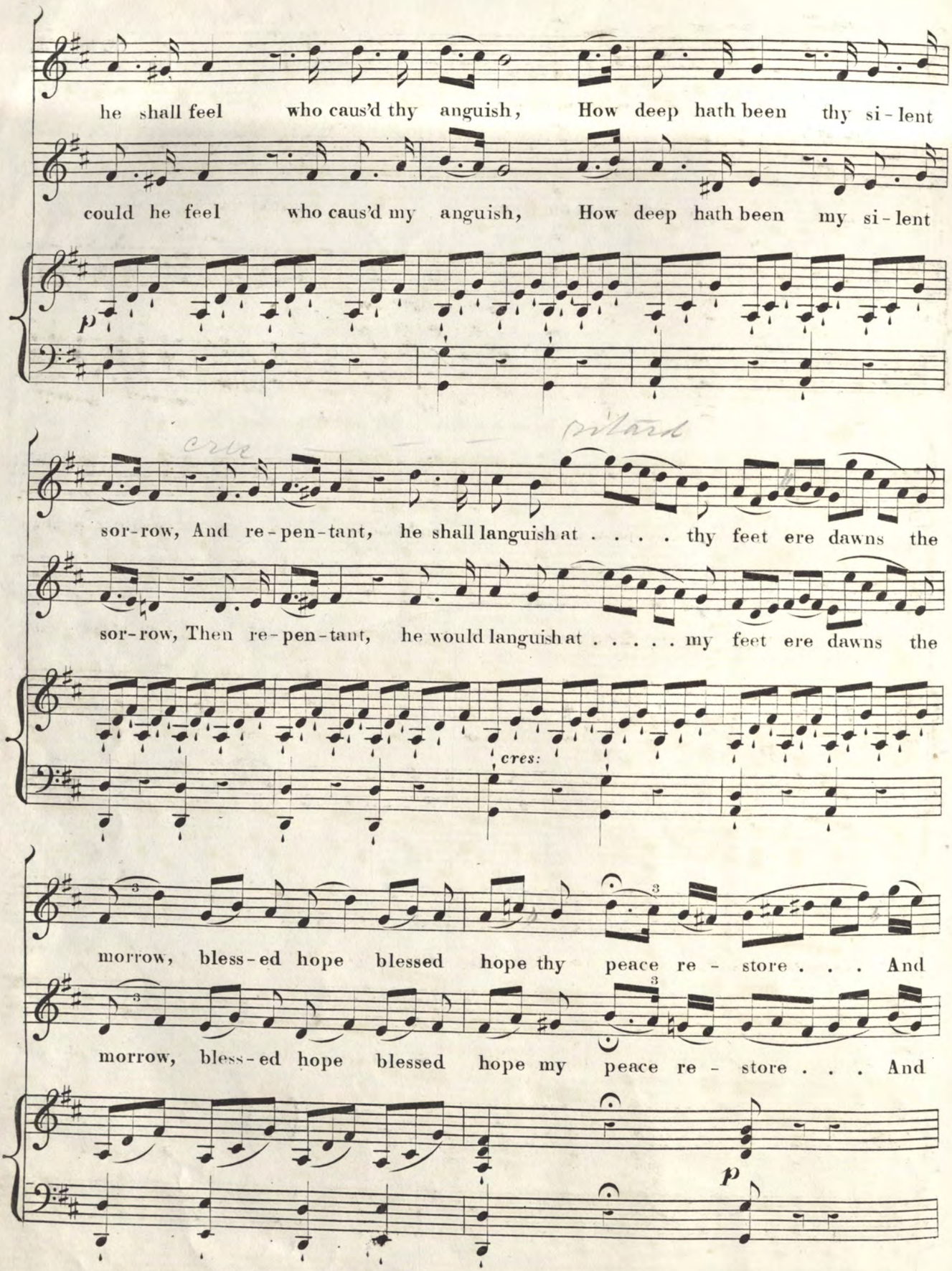
I welcome thee with gladness. Ah! Bello a me ritorno.
Where are now the hopes I cherished. In mia sfera io vel.
There's a land with beauty glowing. Views in Rome.
Rome, the pride of Italy

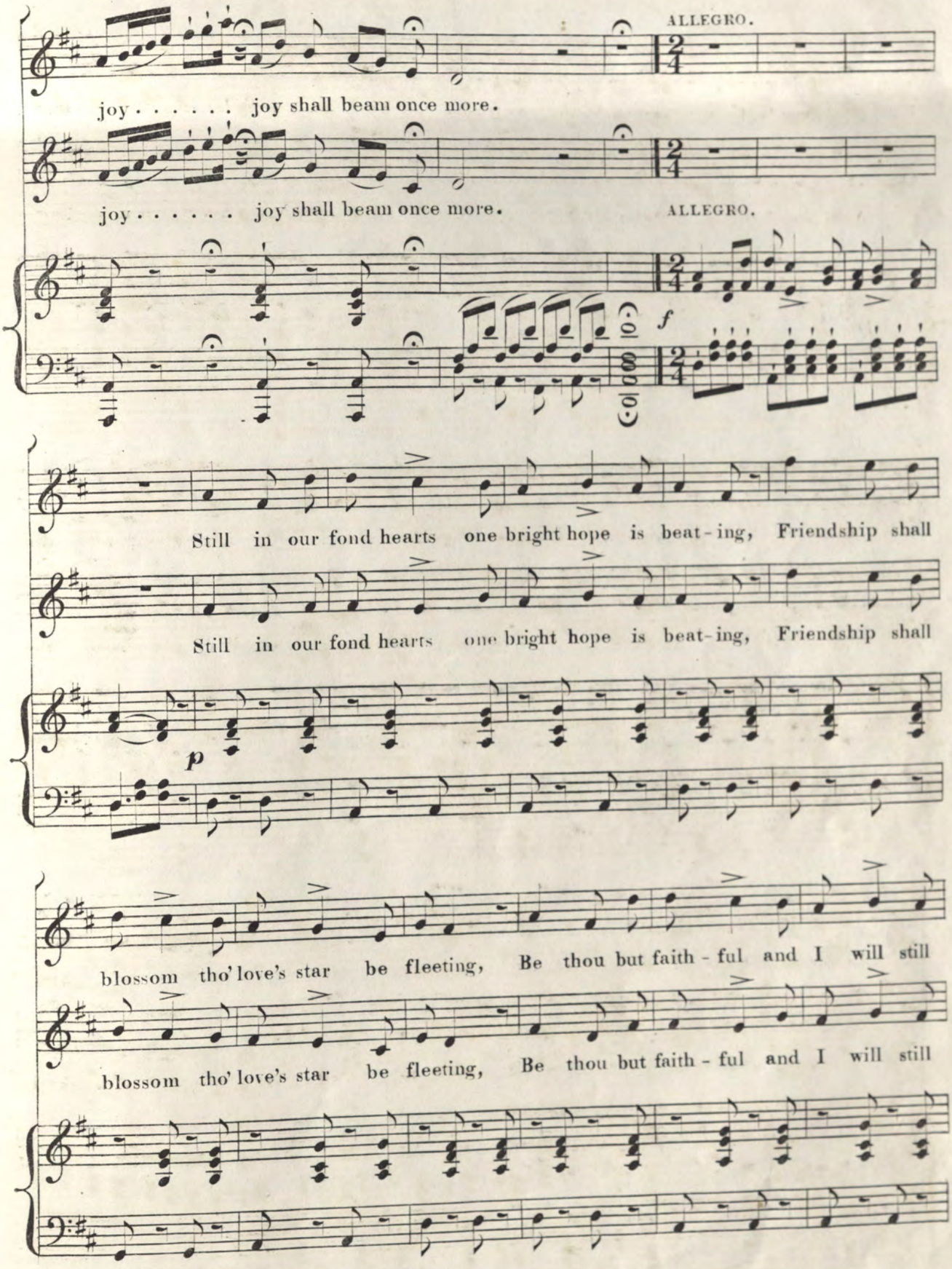
HEAR ME, NORMA.

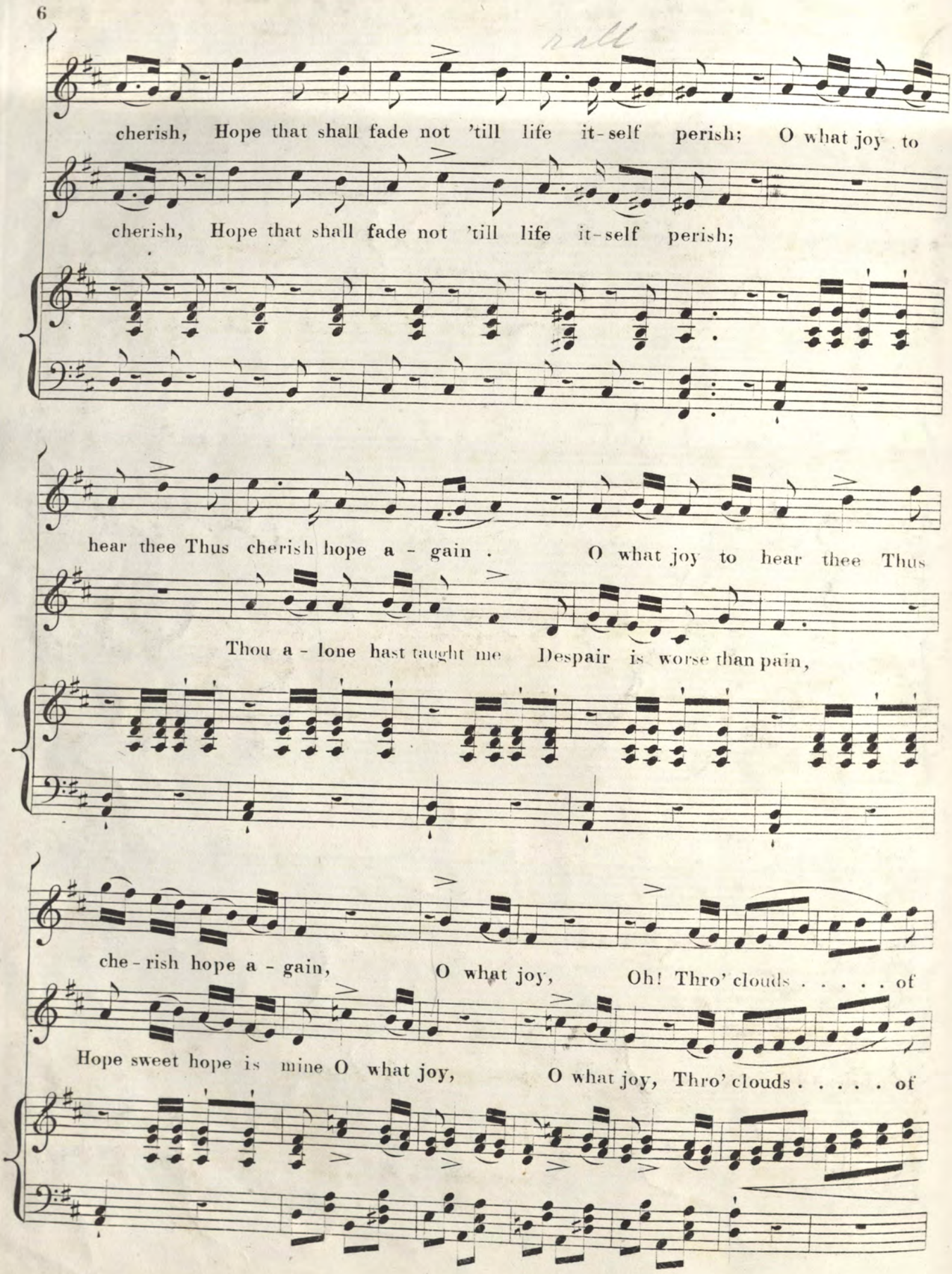
Words by CHAS JEFFERYS. Arranged by S. NELSON.

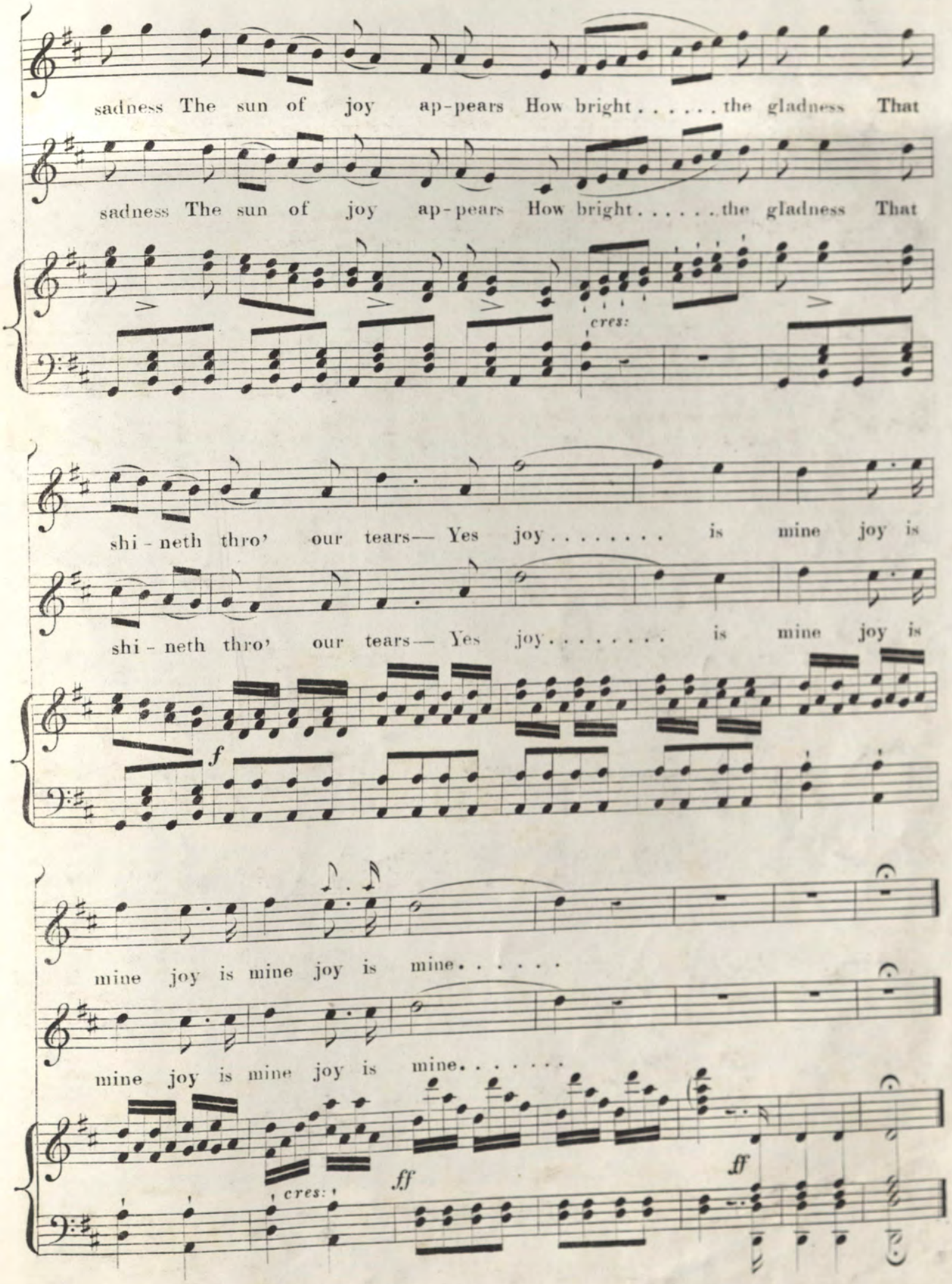


prayer? When the heart is cold that should have cherish'd Ev'ry hope of joy . . . it falsely
p
gave; Would'st thou have me live Ah no! thou would'st not my . . . on-ly
un poco meno.
Hear . . . . me Norma hear . . me Nor - ma . .
haven a-las! is but the grave. Ah . . . in vain . . . . you
un poco meno.
pp
I . . . . implore thee I . . im-plore . . . . thee I im-plore thee. O
thus . . . implore me Time cannot my . . . . joys . . . re-store me. Yet
mf


he shall feel who caus'd thy anguish, How deep hath been thy si - lent
could he feel who caus'd my anguish, How deep hath been my si - lent
p
sor-row, And re-pen-tant, he shall languish at . . . . thy feet ere dawns the
sor-row, Then re-pen-tant, he would languish at . . . . . my feet ere dawns the
cres:
morrow, bless-ed hope blessed hope thy peace re - store . . . And
morrow, bless-ed hope blessed hope my peace re - store . . . And
p


ALLEGRO.
joy . . . . . joy shall beam once more.
joy . . . . . joy shall beam once more.
ALLEGRO.
f
Still in our fond hearts one bright hope is beat-ing, Friendship shall
Still in our fond hearts one bright hope is beat-ing, Friendship shall
p
blossom tho' love's star be fleeting, Be thou but faith-ful and I will still
blossom tho' love's star be fleeting, Be thou but faith-ful and I will still


rall
cherish, Hope that shall fade not 'till life it-self perish; O what joy to
cherish, Hope that shall fade not 'till life it-self perish;
hear thee Thus cherish hope a - gain . O what joy to hear thee Thus
Thou a - lone hast taught me Despair is worse than pain,
che - rish hope a - gain, O what joy, Oh! Thro' clouds . . . . . of
Hope sweet hope is mine O what joy, O what joy, Thro' clouds . . . . . of


sadness The sun of joy ap-pears How bright . . . . . the gladness That
sadness The sun of joy ap-pears How bright . . . . . the gladness That
cres:
shi - neth thro' our tears— Yes joy . . . . . is mine joy is
shi - neth thro' our tears— Yes joy . . . . . is mine joy is
f
mine joy is mine joy is mine . . . . . .
mine joy is mine joy is mine . . . . . .
cres:
ff
ff